...the ANTI-fanzine
for ANTI-fans of Urge Overkill...

BE A STALKER SPY!
see page 5

the Stalker

No. 5 Fall 1995 UO Sux

the Craven Cavern

We stalk Urge Overkill because they are fraudulent idiot bastards whose music sucks beyond belief.

About 99 percent of the people we meet support or at least appreciate our mission to end UO's career. This column, however, is dedicated to that one percent who, for some inexplicable reason, lather themselves into an Urge-defending/Stalker-hating, eye-popping frenzy whenever they see us—those vein-throbbing stumblebums who get in our faces and give us that last little piece of their minds—the ones who never let the fact that Nate, Blackie and Ed don't give a rat's ass about them interfere with their resolve to pretend they might beat us up.

☞ **Freak #1: the producer of WLUP-FM's "Liz Wilde Show"**

During our second stint on this show, Wilde's animated hambone producer (they called him "Sam" but we know his real name is Greasy Gristle) decided he'd had it with our "how do we stalk Urge, let us count the ways" fiesta, when he charged into the studio, grabbed a microphone and began serenading himself. The angrier he got, the meatier he became, until he was bouncing around like a jaunty blood sausage, straining against his casing.

(see CRAVEN p2)

Blackie's brain is very small.

RANDOM STALKING NOTES

Being the open-minded stalkers we are, we decided if, for some inconceivable reason, Urge Overkill's new album turned out to be good, we'd stop stalking. But guess what? It sucks. So here's issue no. 5.

Tower of cowards. One night when we were cruising the sidewalks in our new Urge costumes (Miss B as "Nate on stilts," Miss K as Blackie O and a giant-headed, appropriately inanimate thrift store babydoll as Ed), two men on a motorcycle pulled up at a stoplight to harass us. The driver turned out to be a downwardly mobile junkman from Miss B's past. His passenger was a young, worked-up West Side Story reject who wanted to see us dead.

(see RANDOM p2)

CAN YOU SEE

THE GOON IN THE MOON?

RANDOM

(cont from p1)

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! You ain't got nothin' better to do than ride the backs of Urge Overkill!" came the guttural ravings of the declawed thug as he shouted to be heard over the bike's flexing motor. "Yeah! Well, you just try that stuff on September 28 at Tower Records!" He then threw down the gauntlet by lifting up his shirt and showing us his naked back.

"Uh... September 28? What's wrong with right now?" answered Miss B, wondering why he wasn't seizing the moment. All we got was "Vroom! Vroom!" and they took off. After being challenged by the mentally challenged, we had no choice but to show up on the 30th (not the 28th as our thug told us) at Tower Records to bum UO out by stalking them while they panned for fool's gold inside the store.

We'd heard all kinds of rumors about heightened security and rising blood pressures, so to defuse a potentially unhealthy situation we phoned the Tower manager a few days ahead of time. We told him we planned to show up in our Nate and Blackie costumes and that we would be unarmed and non-dangerous to everything except Urge's career. He said it was no big deal as far as he was concerned: "I just think it's funny."

With that "what—me worry?" feedback, we opted for the luxe approach and arrived in a champagne-stocked, black stretch limo, which we were still relaxing in when a husky, Dockers-clad man in glasses came scuttling up to the window. "I am the manager," he announced, as if reading from flash cards that definitely did not include the line, "I just think it's funny."

"I cannot let you in. You will cause a disturbance. There will be a riot." We reiterated what we'd said on the phone, that our only plan was to gawk and laugh at the Spectacle Of The Wretched he'd been promoting all week. "Do you really think all those moms in there would allow their kids to become violent?" we asked.

This did not pry open his sealed-up mind. "This is not your in-store. This is Urge's in-store. If you want your own in-store, we can arrange that. But your mere presence will disturb the band. If you come in I will have you escorted out."

"We're coming in," we promised.

And they escorted us out.

We fell back on Plan B, which was to hoot and holler at the backs of our decomposing trio from the other side of the front window as they (and their new home-perm-haired bass player) plodded through a set of "songs" from their new album. Two disinterested, lethargic cops paced around ("Do what you want—just don't knock on the glass") as we proclaimed ourselves to be "the real Urge" and ordered the "impostors" yanked from the stage. Miss K stood inches from a bare-ankled Blackie, with only a thin pane of glass separating his real nutso drumming from her mock-nutso air-drumming.

After the set, half the crowd emptied onto the street and swamped us for copies of The Stalker. Many of the young people who'd been standing in the front row watching Urge were now asking us for autographs. "Wait—aren't you a UO fan?" asked Miss K. "No!" said one girl. "We only came because we knew you'd be here—we've been reading your zine and figured this would be a good way to see how gross Urge was without spending any money."

Throughout the circus, the store manager and a female Geffen rep flanked the doorway, glowering at us with their nostrils flared and their lips stuck out. We're not sure if this was because of us or because of Urge, who we heard had been extra-extra-demanding in the days leading up to the gig. First, they made Geffen call the **president** of Tower Records to make him triple-beef the already beefed-up security, then they presented the store with a humongous list of "backstage supplies" totaling in the thousands of dollars. Tower had the good sense to say "No," and batted the bomb shelter stock-up list (which, along with gallons of liquor, included such items as makeup and a full-length mirror) back into Geffen's court. We know Urge had been quaking in their white vinyl slip-ons (and soiling their pants) over what we might do, so here's our guess as to what was *really* on the list:

• colostomy bags (30/box, $50@)	$200
•skin prep wipes(50/pack, $10@)	40
•catheters ($9@)	36
•mouthpieces (to protect tongue from chattering teeth, $6@)	24
•paramedics (2 at $100/hour for 3 hours)	600
•double the drugs	2,000
•triple the booze	1,500
•saltines, ginger ale, Pepto Bismol (for upset stomachs)	25
•can of Endust and feather duster (to remove the dust from Urge's section in the CD racks)	10
•duct tape (to attach an ink pen to Nate's hoof so he can sign autographs)	5
•more drugs and booze	560
Total	$5,000

The honeymoon is over. While the castrated church ladies in the local press continue their fawn-fest, Urge has gone belly-up with the big boys. Rolling Stone (9-7-95) had enough of the UO rock-god-myth (key words used: "dolor... bad rock cliché... doesn't quite cut it... [Nate] just plain doesn't deliver." Spin (10-95) rolled its eyes in a mixture of boredom and contempt (key words used: "The Stalker").

This lukewarm dissing is better than nothing, but there's far too much mercy in this media killing. While we wait for the full-out feeding frenzy that will inevitably replace this hem-hawy corpse-nibbling, we'll just keep on stalking until the only thing ever written about Urge is the zine you're holding in your hands.

CRAVEN

(cont from p1)

"We just want to say that we love Geffen records, and we think these girls should get a life," bellowed the Chicago-style hotdog as he fought to plant a big fat smooch on the cheeks of a corporate giant who, if it knew he was alive, would channel-surf past his loyalty dance without pausing to yawn.

He then got personal with us, slinging such zingers as "You're no Miss America!" and "Get a vibrator!" When Miss K began mimicking him with a baby-talking parody of his "Allah Geffen" chant, he shot his arm out and smacked the microphone away from her face, screaming with all his might, ***"SHUT UP!!!"***

Our only regret is that he didn't go into cardiac arrest right then and there so we could watch the life go out of his bulging eyes while the paramedics tried to figure out how to give CPR to a bratwurst.

☞ **Freak #2: the only Urge fan in captivity**

It was a laid-back evening of sidewalk stalking: we were in our Urgewear passing out Stalkers to the crowd pouring out of the Fugazi/Shellac show, when a frat boy entered a nearby parking lot to claim his Vespa scooter. When he saw Miss B on stilts, he began screaming at her through the chain link fence that separated him from us. Miss B acknowledged him over our bullhorn. "Ah! I see we have an Urge fan over there—please buy our album."

This hit him like a shot of angel dust, and he snatched the chain lock from his scooter and began beating it against the fence, roaring at us like a caged beast. Miss K grabbed the bullhorn. "Hey—I need some Depends! Tower Records is still open—I know you're going to go—"

"YOU BITCH! YOU WHHOOOOORRRRE!!!" Here's what I think of you!" And with that, he made ready to let loose a gob of spit. Just as it left his mouth, Miss K brought the bullhorn into position and caught it on the fly.

This was fun, but we couldn't help wondering, why didn't he take a dozen steps to his right, walk past the fence and give us his "what for" on a face-to-face basis? (One guess: five letters, begins with P.)

What does this say about Urge Overkill, if these savage freaks are the kind of people who step to their defense? What does it say about the savage freaks if they give a damn about three assholes like Urge? It says they all **SUCK** that's what.

"The regime of music that has been played for 20 years is over. What we do has nothing to do with that shit."
–Blackie Onassis (Alternative Press, 7-95)

"People might think we're just some funny construct, but we're all about great albums, like all great bands."
–Blackie Onassis (New Musical Express, 9-2-95)

Yep, Urge Overkill sucks—you know it and we know it. But let's not let that keep us from taking a blowtorch to the ass crack of their latest debacle, Exit The Dragon (or, as we more aptly refer to it, Exit Their Draggin' Asses).

This falling anvil is so rotten and so all-out irritating, we can't believe it's being offered for sale to the public. For starters, Ed's leaky-faucet throat provides lead vocals on eight of the record's 15 cranium-warping tracks. This is a huge mistake, since he sings like a hologram of Neil Young underwater and has only three things to say: (1) I'm sick of my scaly, firebreathing, girlfriend-slash-manager-slash-gila monster; (2) I want out of this band; and (3) I am very drunk.

What makes us especially sick is the positioning of this glistening, creepy stroke victim as some sort of rock-reverent, blues-based guitar auteur, when in fact he's just a noodling menace. When Geffen held a gun to his head and said, "Everyone else has passed out —you have to finish the album by tomorrow, or else," he went to bed with the Rolling Stones' Hot Rocks under his pillow and then plinkety-plinked his ass off until it was done. No matter. Five minutes of his keening warbling will leave radio programmers crying for mercy.

Ooops—Blackie's still in the band. That's Blackie "Liability" Onassis, who plays drums like a livid baby chimpanzee beating on his high-chair tray at dinnertime. One day when someone left his cage door open, he sneaked into the studio and accidentally sat on the switch to the drum machine to make "The Mistake," which every single rock critic in the world feels obligated to call "Blackie's synth nugget" instead of "this dumbass bullshit that I will throw in the trash as soon as I finish writing this review." In pondering the lisping, sicko sound waves created by this "song," most reviewers seized upon the line "Beware the overdose... in the USA." We were more thrown by the rock-a-bye-baby-meets-Marc Bolan vocal delivery of "Sta-TICK comes from every ee-RECK-shhuuunn." It made us wish our ears were double-jointed so we could slam them shut.

And what is Nate doing while all this is going on? Well, when he's not slumped over in a corner watching his mind swirl around the room, he's farting out jacked-up water bubbles like "Need Some Air," in which he sings about singing about singing about absolutely nothing: "I'm choking on the silence and I wanna scream out—hey!/scream—out loud/Need some air/Need some air/Air! Air!"

For out-of-the-box sucking, however, nothing even comes close to the shapeless drone of the album's finale, a neverending Nate ballad called "Digital Black." To find a female singing partner to help inflict this aural torture, Nate trolled the alleys of Philadelphia for someone with a voice so awful it would make him sound good by comparison. For no good reason the lyrics mock the death of Latina rock star Selena: "So long Selena/girl you had it all/and your life was only just beginning," Nate strains. Then the woman clangs in: "And when the tears are gone/don't you know we'll still have this song/and we'll sing it down the roh-ho-ho-oh-oad!" You can almost see the producers holding a ham sandwich in front of the microphone to get her to hit her high notes.

Exit Their Draggin' Asses has got to be the last pimply turkey Urge Overkill will have the opportunity to make. As Ed sings on "Take Me," "it's over." You can see it in the strained faces of the Geffen employees stuck at the helm of the UO Titanic. You can see it in the turned-down mouths of the millions of rock fans who would rather not pay money to hear or see three deteriorating scarecrows go through the motions. If, however, they manage to rise from the dead with a sequel, we'll be ready.

Last Exit to the poorhouse

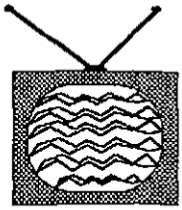
Urge's working title for this sour dollop of palsied puffery was Not Guilty. When someone told them this would be the marketing equivalent of wearing a "kick me" sign, they changed it to Exit The Dragon. Why? Let's ask Blackie:

"When Brandon Lee passed away a couple years ago, I think it was Nash who was like, 'Oh God—exit the dragon'... Once that became the title, the songs kind of took on a tribute nature. I don't know who it's a tribute to, it's just a sort of a document of a rather lost, fucked-up generation that the media has deemed Generation X.... Rock and roll is in our hands now. It's not going to be there for a really long time, but while we have a shot, we want to do something that is every bit as cool as any other era in rock and roll." *(Illinois Entertainer, 8-95)*

Every time Blackie opens his mouth he blows another gasket in our minds. At this stage, the only advice we have for him (besides "find out if Betty Ford takes Medicaid") is "dream on." Not only is Exit Their Draggin' Asses not "every bit as cool as any other era," it's not even as cool as those dime-store sunglasses with the neon ear stems.

The only thing they did right on the entire album was to put the word "exit" in the title, though, if it's not too late, we'd like to submit our suggestions for something even more descriptive—maybe they could use one for the overseas edition.

- 100 Percent Casio
- Not Good
- The Deathwatch
- Please Give Us Money
- Take My Gila—Please
- Put Us Out Of Our Misery
- Bounced Check
- What Day Is It?



UO Career Snuff Film:

the lame video for the lame single, "The Break"

record company goal: spend as little money as possible and just get it over with

challenge: how to photograph three corpses so as not to scare off potential customers

premise: three soon-to-be-out-of-work ghouls try to stay upright while recording a "song" for their album

setting: the recording studio and everyplace within stumbling distance of its front door

motif: breathing through the mouth

gratuitous females: two bored Asian women, wondering if they're going to get paid or not, wearing mandarin-collared, embroidered silk dresses ("Exit The Dragon," get it?)

retarded "for-video-only" tacked-on overdub:
extra-crunchy Godzilla-meets-Chewbacca computer-generated guitar solo

while watching you realize the chorus is a complete ripoff of:
"Jumpin' Jack Flash"

tit factor: Ed's breasts-so touchable beneath his clingy red shirt

money shot: Nate shaking a handful of maracas, rearing up like a spooked horse having a cocaine seizure

Stalker Fantasy #412

Interview

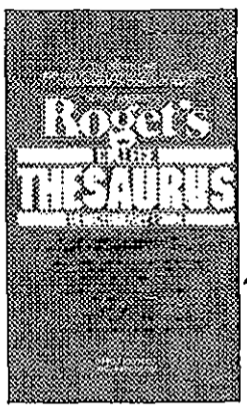
with UO's Director of Merchandising

The Urge line normally consists of t-shirts and medallions, but now you're branching out to other items.
Yes. Our biggest seller right now is our UO puke pail—this has gone over exceptionally well, especially at live shows.

Puke pail?
You know, buckets to throw up in after you hear their music. This is a prime example of how the band tries to turn a disadvantage into an asset. For instance, in the past, people would just puke on the floor, or have to miss a big chunk of the show standing in line for the bathroom. Now, for about $8, they can have their very own gold-tone bucket, complete with UO insignia. The retention rate is really high, since you can just wash it out when you're done, then use it around the house for cleaning, as a planter, or just as decoration.

What are they made of?
For live shows we use plastic—for safety reasons. But a deluxe corrugated model is available through mail order.

Any tie-in opportunities?
Definitely. Right now we're in the middle of talks with an antacid manufacturer who's interested in sponsoring the European tour. Urge is also intrigued with the idea of doing commercial jingles, and the whole retro aspect fits right in. We envision a 90's twist on classic 70's slogans, such as "Plop-plop/fizz-fizz/oh what a queasy, offensive, loathsome, repulsive disease this is."



What Roget says about Urge:

INSIPIDITY

Nouns—**insipidity, vapidity; tastelessness, WEAKNESS (see *Adjectives*); DULLNESS, MEDIOCRITY, INDIFFERENCE.**
Adjectives—**1, insipid, tasteless, flavorless, savorless, gustless, unseasoned, zestless; weak, stale, flat, mild, bland; mild-and-water, watery. 2, uninteresting, unentertaining, prosaic, prosy, monotonous, jejune, boring, stupid, insulse, tame, dull, dry; vapid, flat, banal; mawkish, wishy-washy; spiritless, lacklustrous, pointless, lifeless, amort, dead.**
Antonym, **see TASTE.**

ED: Left Unsaid

For a number of reasons (most of them poured from a bottle), UO guitarist and chief songwriter Ed Roeser is one sorry SOB. On 10-8-95 he flopped like a beached lamprey in front of hundreds of thousands of radio listeners when he sloshed and slurred his way through an appearance on the national call-in show, "Modern Rock Live." Left out in the cold by a probably-passed-out Blackie and an absent Nate who saves himself for glossy magazine spreads, Ed staggered.

His furry-tongued utterances are most notable for what they don't say. For instance, the following segment would make a lot more sense if you substitute the asterisks with the words, "my rich girlfriend-slash-manager-slash-gila monster, whom I desperately want to escape from, except I'm too broke."

HOST: Let's get right back to our phones real quick and talk to—

ED: Alright—

HOST: —Scott in Hazlett, New Jersey on Z100 in—

ED. —let's talk to some of these—

HOST: —New York City. Hi Scott.

ED: —people out there.

HOST: Please do, Eddie.

ED: Scott? Scott? You have a question?

SCOTT: Yes, I wanted to know what that song—

ED: A comment?

SCOTT: —I wanted to know what that song "The Break" is about?

ED: I don't know—people have asked about that a lot—it's-it's sort of about * * *... I don-hsh-has a sense of like about being trapped, boxed in, or whatever. And it's-it's kind of a... it's one of those things I mean people've—you-you ask someone to explain their songs and what it's about but, you know it sort of ruins it to-to talk about the specific inspiration of it. But believe it or not it sort of comes out of a... of a... of a feeling towards * * * um... you know listening to a lot of like Delta blues type of music it's like it's about being down and trying to get out and once you're out it's-it's that's the—that's the trans-seh—the you know that's-that's what it's about it's about * * * listen to the blues music

HOST: Okay, so we all write that down: "Listen to the blues music." That's what the song's about. Thank you Scott.

• • •

Toward the end of the interview, the stress of repressing mention of his Gila Monster had taken it's toll. When answering this question, Ed drained into an incoherent martini puddle.

HOST: Now we're going to talk to Brandon in Thundersville, Pennsylvania on Y100 in Philadelphia. Hi Brandon.

ED: Alright, Pennsylvania.

BRANDON: Yeah, I wanted to ask you about uh, uh the new concert that you're going to have at the Electric Factory with Guided By Voices. Had you ever heard of Guided By Voices before the concert?

ED: Yes of course I've enjoyed their records throughout their, yuh... putting out the records it's like, if you wanna go tour with the band and.. they were one of, they were one of the bands that was the, uh, you know my favorite band that I wanted to play with... and um, you know the other guys are... are thinking about what you want to do, like you-you put on the band, you-you go out with a band. It's like... a chorus.

UO INTERNET REPORT

Urge's web site is just like the band: long on wishful thinking and dangerously short on substance. Under "UO Concert Reviews" only two were mentioned, one from November '92 and the other from October '93. Then it said, "... [C]ontributions—either personal or magazine reviews—are very welcome!"

Hmmm. We know of two magazine reviews that weren't listed, and a lot more recent than October 1993—both from their disastrous performance this June at the Glastonbury Festival in Britain. England's big music tabloids panned the show, and New Musical Express referred to Ed, Blackie and Nate as "Kingboy Arse, Blackie Sexwank and Thruster McDonkey." Not good.

On 8-23-95, the on-line magazine Addicted To Noise ran this article in which Ed reassures everyone for the umpteenth time that just because it seems like Urge Overkill sucks, it doesn't mean they actually suck—it means they're doing great.

Urge Overkill To Perform *Exit The Dragon* In Australia

Urge Overkill start their first full tour of Australia next month and hopefully won't be bringing any of their Glastonbury Festival stage-trashing antics for the ride.

"That was the first show we had played where we did new songs," explains Eddie "King" Roeser. "The situation with festivals is you go from a basement to a field in front of thousands of people. A lot of bands who play have the luxury of having been on tour for a year before getting on this gigantic stage. We didn't. Our other shows went great, but Glastonbury was the most publicized and the one that blew up. Things weren't set up right. Blackie broke a snare, got angry and trashed his kit. But I think if sometimes a set's a disaster it's okay."

CALLING ALL SPIES!

Thanks to our extensive network of dedicated spies, The Stalker is kept up-to-date on the many gross goings-on inside the UO camp. As we take to the road in our fight to stamp out UO's career, we'd like to invite those of you who haven't yet experienced the pleasures of stalking to help us pull the plug on Nate, Blackie and Ed. Not sure if you're spy material? Take this simple quiz to find out.

1. I used to hang out with Urge Overkill but went running for the hills when I discovered they were _____.
2. Urge Overkill stole one or more of the following items from me:
   - •money
   - •booze
   - •drugs
   - •equipment/ property
   - •my girlfriend
   - •my boyfriend
   - •my peace of mind
3. Nate/Blackie/Ed defiled my body by touching/kissing/copulating with me
4. UO's "music" is just about the worst _____ I've ever heard in my entire life.
5. I hate Urge Overkill and want to see their faces spinning around the toilet bowl of life as they're being flushed into oblivion.

If one or more of these statements applies to you, then what are you waiting for? Time to let loose!

You're damn right I'll help you make Urge Overkill's life a living hell!

I volunteer to:

- ❑ scam free passes* to their shows for purposes of in-the-crowd heckling or insidious backstage harassment
- ❑ visit record stores to place folded-up copies of The Stalker in between all the UO CD's
- ❑ quiz my music-biz associates for interesting tidbits
- ❑ share all my present dirt (letter enclosed)
- ❑ help blast Urge from the rock scene by dogging their asses (proposal enclosed)

*Remember—paying money for any UO product is beyond forbidden—it's considered a treasonous outrage of the highest order!

Name_____

Address_____

City State Zip_____

Phone_____

AS ALWAYS, WE KEEP THE NAMES OF OUR SOURCES STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

Where's our money?

Urge's latest ass-backwards attempt to combat The Stalker is to tell people, "They're getting paid very well," implying we are somehow on their payroll and that our telling the world they suck is part of their PR master plan.

All we have to say is, "Where's our money?"

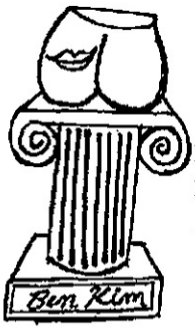
We've been working very hard over the past year to end their careers, and we're almost home free. If they were to come across with a sizeable donation of say, $500,000, we're sure we could finish the job even sooner than planned. Since we know Nate, Blackie and Ed are broke, we assume any hope of our "getting paid" would lie with Geffen (even though the UO publicity budget is microscopic compared to bands who actually sell records, we know they can find the money somewhere).

With adequate funds to cover travel and related expenses, Miss B and Miss K could visit every record store and rock venue in the world (including every stop on the Urge tour) to distribute The Stalker and reiterate our message: "Urge Overkill are the most vile con artists in the history of recorded music."

In addition, Geffen will need to provide us with the following: new computer and software, scanner, fax, modem, Internet account, postage meter and postage account, home entertainment center, copy machine, unlimited supply of Goldschlager, pro-quality bullhorn, a new car with phone, health insurance and funds for printing 3,000,000 copies of The Stalker.

We hope they contact us soon to make arrangements for dispersal of the funds Urge has already assured everyone we are getting. If they do not, we regret only two options are available: (1) we file suit for breach of promise; or (2) Urge Overkill cease and desist from polluting the world with their reprehensible faces, voices and "music" and immediately begin their rightful jobs as mumbling, unemployed, degenerate bums.

(Just to be sure someone is looking after our interests, we plan to secure the services of Ed's life partner, Beth Winer Management [a/k/a Gila & Associates] to act as our representative in this matter.)



The Jesus-Christ-Give-Us-A-Break UO Media Ass-Kiss Of The Year

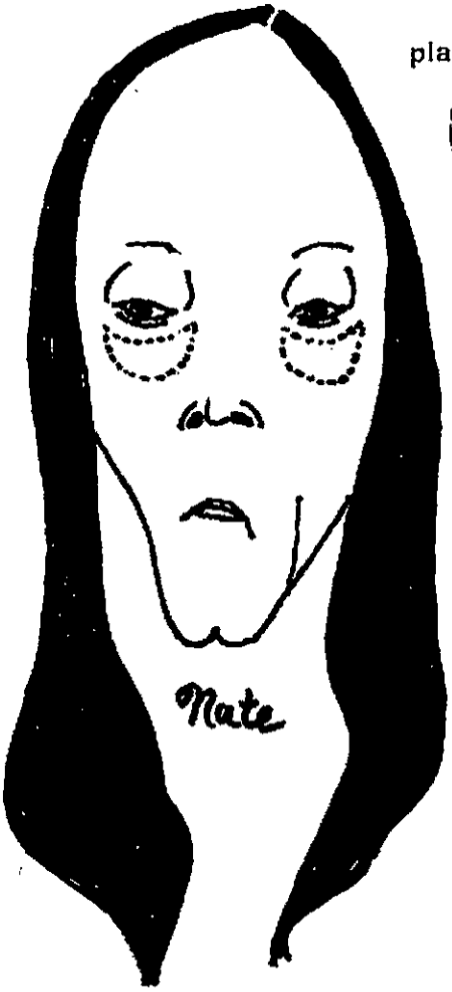
The criteria: must be as embarrassingly nonsensical as it is pathologically gushy

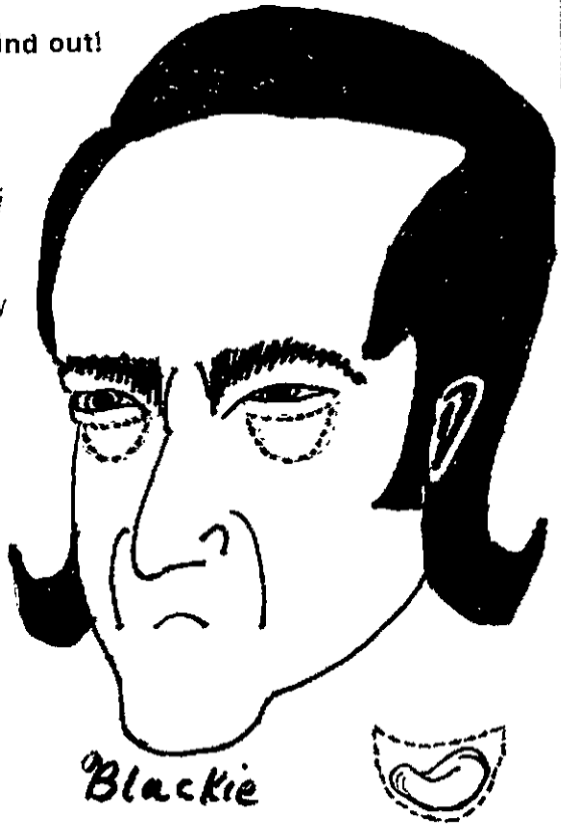
The winner: Ben Kim of the Chicago weekly New City (7-20-95)

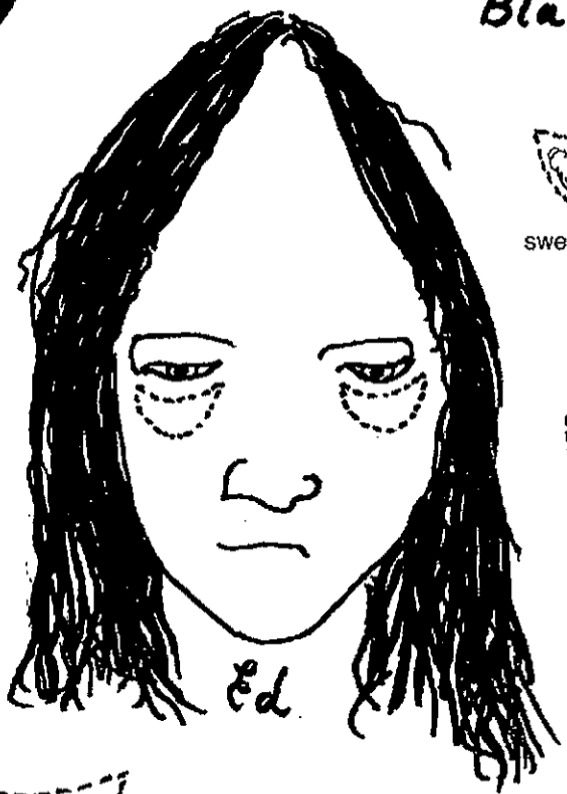
He actually wrote: "Later, in a moment of private solitude, I thought of UO, who in its own way is actually as great as Kiss—UO, saturated in some kind of spiritual greasepaint, conjugating the verb 'to rock' in an endless variety of indigenous dialects."

What's that Living Beneath Urge's Eyes?

play "Paper Bag Dolls" and find out!







bratwursts

orange candy slice

larva

stuffed pasta shells

cashew

sweet potato

avocado slice

par-boiled prune

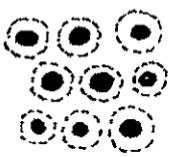
rudimentary buttocks

quesadillas

shaved sunburnt gerbil in a hammock

gin-soaked croissants with seam stitched down the middle

oysters on the half shell



BONUS: Nate's moles

cocoon

grean beans

A Very Stalker Wedding

The last time we interrupted Blackie's DJ gig at Delilah's *bar to tell him he sucked*, one of his cohorts was heard to grumble, "I've never seen two women go through *so much trouble to marry a rock star.*"

Sidestepping the erroneous reference to Blackie as a rock star, you have to wonder: *maybe the idea of our* wanting to marry Urge isn't so crazy after all. It's true, we've already gone on *record about our tongue-on-forked* tongue run-ins with Nate, and we do spend a suspiciously huge chunk of our free time going over the heads of their lice-infested lives with a fine-toothed comb. And what is The Stalker if not concrete evidence of two ladies who doth protest too much?

Let's face it, at 29 and 31, we're pushing 30 from both sides, and beginning to worry about our prospects. So what if Nate and Blackie are disgusting and stupid. Is that any reason for us to turn our backs on them as potential mates?

Planning for that special day:

- transportation: horse-drawn carriage *for the happy couples, with a black* horse for Miss K & Blackie and a white horse for Miss B & Nate (MISS K: *Blackie is my freak in shining armor* MISS B. And Nate is my white horse on knightback.)
- food: all-u-can eat booze and drugs
- security: three bodyguards (MISS B: I will not get my dress dirty wrestling with jealous Urge hoes)
- *our first dance "Heaven 90210" from* Saturation
- our toastmaster: Ed (he's so experienced at holding a glassful of booze, talking for a minute, then drinking it all down)
- our personalized vows: we'll stop stalking... till death do us part
- bridesmaids: Liz Phair, Gila Monster
- groomsmen: Ed, Jim Ellison
- honeymoon destination: Havana (if it's good enough for "Sister Havana," it's good enough for us)

The bridal registry: all that we'll need for our new home:

- *goblet*
- red wine glass
- white wine glass
- *all-purpose wineglass*
- champagne flute
- champagne saucer
- *iced-beverage glass*
- cocktail glass
- highball glass
- *old-fashioned glass*
- beer mug
- pilsner glass
- brandy snifter
- sherry glass
- liqueur glass
- Irish coffee glass
- ice bucket
- wine bottle cooler
- decanter
- bar pitcher
- jigger/bar tools
- blender
- cocktail shaker
- punch bowl set
- coasters
- corkscrew/opener
- wine rack

What Becomes An Urge Hoe Most?

For years we were under the impression that Jim Ellison of Material Issue was the only person alive more stupid than the members of Urge Overkill, but recent events have convinced us that the real holders of the More Stupid Than Urge title are the band's female hangers on—those codependent, around-the-block hags whose motto is, "Sway by your man."

We all know about ol' Gila Monster and Blackie's girlfriend, the Beef Jerky With Eyelashes. But what are we to make of the "Alphabet Girls," who in September phoned Miss B to leave these nasally messages on her answering machine?

First Message

"Hello Miss B this is Miss R. I *heard* your message—it's *really* nice. Just like I think *most* of your messages are *really* nice. Heard about you in the Reader. *Honey*—hope you don't bump into me anytime soon. This is Miss R. *Bye.*"

Second Message

"This is Mrs. M. *Well* we and all the rest of the *Alphabet* Girls were kinda worried about you the way we're worried about Mrs. V on "One Life To Live." You know, the old, ugly, fat, kinda big, blond dykey-looking chick. *She's* been through A to Z herself. *We* just hope you stop at B."

Are we scared to "bump into" these hoes? Hell yes—if they look anything like the hoes we've seen hanging around Urge (all you need to know is they elbow each other out of the way to get next to *Nate*). These necrophilic vixens obviously mean business—just look what they had to do to earn their "letters."

Club Rules Of The Alphabet Girls

- **The Golden Rule: you must work as a bartendress in order to provide your man with an endless supply of free booze**
- **Initiation: must have sex with a member of UO (if it's Nate, the AlphaCandidate must remain until sunup to witness the smoke *rising from his flesh* or else it doesn't count)**
- **Dress Code: must own a leather jacket with your letter of the alphabet stiched on the back**
- **Health: *must be fried***

Grounds for dismissal

- **flinching when looking at Nate's face**

When Nate

High school hobbies:
- **drawing**
- **guitar**
- ***reading***

Oh
the foal who wandered off the path
what heart, what soul did die here?
Neigh
do you remember your name?

Kaatrud! Kaatrud!
"kaat" is cat
and "rud" is farm
old Norway cries to you
answer back, like a man
The man who sweeps the kat turds
from the barn
has a name

Nathan, he was
drew comics and twaddled on guitar
friends were few
and hair was thin
yet forehead grew and grew
so grow it long
grow it long and may they rue
the day they dared say "Nay"

Lap at Blackie's ears
paw at Eddie's breasts
leer at all the rest
be Nash
National
Kato

acrid stench
is heaven's ether
to your ears
Every song
on every radio
steal that
and that, and that
your horse's teeth gnash
Nash
needs cash
consumers have moved on

Your ass, your donkey, your fool
no pawn shop will take
but in the desert
there are bones
among bones
upon bones
and Nathan's too

Gone to seed
hobbies:
- **drinking**
- **drugs**
- **making people sick**

became

Nash

letters

When did I realize UO sucked? Could it be their penchant for bad 70's rock and fashion? Their praise of the songwriting genius of Neil Diamond? The way Nate has with a turn of the phrase, like, "Baby, I'm a rolling stone?" No matter what, nothing sucks quite like Urge Overkill.

-Mr. G, Chicago

UO are cardboard cut-outs, human cartoons, caricatures of their own adolescent fantasies. These crimes could be dismissed, however, they commit the ultimate sin for a cartoon—they demand to be respected and taken seriously. They are image without essence and everything I hate about rock and roll.

-Mr. T, Chicago

I cannot say that I would pay $20 to see the butts of your joke actually perform an out-of-tune Neil Diamond cover and an "original" ditty that asserts, "When I take you down/I don't want to take you down." I never heard of UO until I read The Stalker. It was deeply funny without prior knowledge of the band, but now that I've heard them on the radio and read that odious Spin article on them, I can hate them for their own sakes.

You may be aware that the words "Urge Overkill" appear on a Parliament album. George Clinton as Starchild explains that Sir Nose will use something called "Urge Overkill, the pimping of the pleasure principle" to snatch the natural Funkin' for Fun of Starchild. Don't UO know that calling yourself Urge Overkill is like saying, "Hello there, I'm SATAN, and I'm here to drink your wine and take your money?" George Clinton warned us, for chrissakes!

-Mr. E, Chicago

For about 30 seconds I thought Quentin Tarantino was a genius when I saw Pulp Fiction—when Uma Thurman OD'ed, I thought she had passed out from listening to Urge Overhype.

-Mr. J, Austin, TX

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Who else could be Nash Kato?

"Even my family has started calling me Nash: My mom writes to Nash Kato now. In the end, I can't help thinking, 'I am Nash Kato. Someone's gotta be.'"

When we read this quote from UO's Nathan Kaatrud in the October '95 Spin, it got us to thinking: Is Nate the only one who could be Nash Kato, or could another decrepit individual serve just as well?

Others uniquely qualified to be Nash Kato:

- the disinterred body of author Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951)
- any dilapidated donkey or horse on its way to the glue factory
- Gloria Steinem at age 99

SUCKING from A to Z

Each line of this grid contains a hidden word of five or more letters having to do with the ugliness and stupidity of Urge Overkill. There is one hidden word per line, reading from left to right. Insert a letter of the alphabet into the empty box to complete the hidden word. The letter you insert could come at the beginning, end, or middle of the word. Each letter of the alphabet will be used only once.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

D	Y	S	P	E	S	T	I	N	K	E	P	O
F	E	C	U	D	U		M	Y	L	A	N	T
R	I	D	I	C	U		O	U	S	E	D	I
P	I	T	R	A	S		A	M	L	A	X	I
D	I	S	G	R	A		E	L	O	G	U	P
P	O	L	I	D	I		T	R	E	L	E	O
D	I	C	O	R	N		U	L	P	C	H	A
L	O	C	A	D	A		E	R	D	A	M	E
T	I	B	O	O	Z		N	E	O	L	G	Y
F	A	R	K	B	L		U	I	V	E	R	N
Z	O	N	S	E	L		I	S	H	O	U	B
S	C	R	I	I	M		E	C	I	L	E	T
M	A	L	A	C	O		A	R	D	A	N	A
F	O	R	L	O	N		S	T	Y	L	O	W
B	A	R	F	R	A		Z	L	E	D	L	Y
R	A	P	G	U	N		R	O	S	S	I	F
B	R	E	M	S	N		A	C	K	A	S	S
F	L	A	C	C	I		N	A	O	N	K	U
N	O	S	F	L	U		E	N	E	M	L	K
C	T	R	A	V	E		T	Y	L	I	C	H
S	P	A	M	A	N		R	E	V	A	N	A
P	U	G	I	M	M		C	K	L	E	A	F
Y	B	L	A	M	O		O	N	N	U	T	S
C	R	U	P	I	G		O	R	A	N	T	E
F	L	I	P	R	E		U	L	S	I	V	E
G	O	O	B	N	O		I	O	U	S	P	L